

The Quest

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Ruffnut, Tuffnut

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-08-04 02:20:26

Updated: 2014-12-02 02:34:41

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:46:23

Rating: K+

Chapters: 4

Words: 3,337

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup and the gang are forced into finding a treasure for the Outcasts. Without any support from the chief, who is out hunting Hysteries, the kids must brave caves, dragons, and deadly traps unlike anything they've ever faced. The consequence of failing: their death!

1. Chapter 1: An Avalanche of Problems

Ok, I admit it. I went on the quest. I was so stupid though. No one ever survives! It was fun though, even if we did get a little beat up. Curse my Viking blood.

Hello, my name is Hiccup. I live on Berk. It is a small island a few miles away from Miserable and Freezing. Hope and Sunshine are to the south. It's not the climate that made my life miserable until now, it's the fact that so many people love to pick on me. I get their point; I'm an easy target for bullies. I'm a skinny, brown-haired, green-eyed, left-handed, dragon-watcher who is (for average people) tallish and likes the prettiest girl in the village (Astrid). Wouldn't you pick on me? Most of the Vikings are hairy and buff. Look at Snotlout for example. He is about five foot six, weighs one hundred twenty pounds, and rides a Monstrous Nightmare. Only recently have I gained respect, riding the only Night Fury in the village, and possibly the only Night Fury ever. And we call him Toothless.

It all started in the Great Hall where we were eating dinner. Fishlegs was adding more information into the Book of Dragons, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were fighting over the last piece of chicken, Snotlout was admiring himself and flirting with Astrid, and I sat quietly in the corner, minding my own business. The Great Hall was dark, as rain was lashing down upon anyone that went outside, and Thor decided to throw the worst lightning down that we've had in over 100 years. The darkness seemed to push its way into my head, making me think of Alvin and his new plans to take over Berk. It seemed less frightening when it was further away, but as it seemed to be getting

closer, I began to lose hope in our small village on our small island in the middle of nowhere.

Astrid tapped me on the shoulder, interrupting my thoughts and scaring me. I nearly jumped out of my skin. "What's up? You look nervous or something."

"Oh, it's nothing, only about 500 armed Vikings are about to storm the island and hardly anyone is preparing. They could be on the island taking everyone hostage for all I know!" I said sarcastically at first, and then began to believe my words. "What if they have my dad? What if they are going to burn us up? What would happen ifâ€"

"Hiccup, calm down already. There is no one here to do anything to us. And we wouldn't catch on fire because we are knee-deep in water." Astrid said soothingly. But, I refused to listen to her. I jumped out of my chair and Toothless looked after me, confused. The other kids all looked up too. Fishlegs was frozen with one hand on his pencil and the twins were in mid-blow. Snotlout pointed at me and started to say something along the lines of, "A-a-alvâ€". "

I turned around and saw... Alvin the Treacherous, just as I had said would be coming soon. He had a giant axe in one hand and a scroll in the other.

"Where's your dad, Hiccup?"
>"Why should I tell you, you backstabbing liar?" I said under my breath, and then added louder, "I don't know."<p>

Alvin threw his axe straight above my head and wrenched it out of the wall again. "You want to see it go lower?"

"H-he's off fighting with the Hysterics. Honestly." I said, and the rest of the gang chimed in their agreement. Alvin handed me the parchment and said, "Give it to him as soon as possible. Otherwise..." Alvin stroked his axe lovingly and darted a glance of pure hatred at me.

Toothless growled warningly.

"Easy bud, Alvin's leaving now." I said soothingly, and Toothless's eyes widened.

Alvin threw one last 'hate glance' at everyone and stepped out the door.

Gobber walked in, happily whistling and saw me at the door, angrily glaring after Alvin.

"What's up with all of you guys?"

Snotlout and I both muttered 'Alvin' under our breaths and I said, "Oh, nothing!"

"Just a little rainy day blues, eh?"

"Yes, now bye," Tuffnut said and we pushed Gobber outside.

Fishlegs was now over the top scared. "What if he kills us all

instead?"

"Yeah!" Tuffnut yelled. "Wait, what?"

"Death comes eventually." Astrid said and we all stared at her. "Read the scroll."

I opened the scroll. Verrrrry sloooowly. It read. (Translated from runes for your convenience)

Dear Stoick the Vast:

I have become aware of a so-called treasure on Berk. If I am not in possession of this treasure by the twenty-ninth, you and all your heirs will die.

Sincerely,

Alvin the Treacherous

The scroll dropped straight out of my hands. "He won't be back until the day before the 29th. He said he would come just before my birthday."

"Oh Hiccup. You would be born on Loki's day and on the weirdest day of the year. You're turning three in five days! Oh, you're such a baby." Snotlout said.

"Shut up Snotlout. You're my cousin, so you, Spitelout, and Shark will all die too."

That shut him up.

"So where's this 'treasure'?" Fishlegs asked. "We should tell Gobber."

"No, it'll only slow us down," Snotlout said, "Gobber is like an old granny dressed in Gobber's clothes."

As disturbing as it was, Snotlout was right.

Then I had a horrible idea. "Bork's map! It's in the Greatâ€"

"Yes, we know, Tuffnut has it."

We all gathered around Tuffnut and the map. Red smears edged the page. Blood. Already a bad start. I lit a candle and held it over the map.

"'Uncharted cave, possible treasure, three men died, five hundred disappeared'." Astrid read and we all felt sick. 503 men had died trying to find this "treasure?"

Toothless growled and thunder rolled across the sky. My candle blew out.

"First thing tomorrow morning. Pack and meet at the dragon academy." I whispered.

Then Gobber walked in seconds later.

"What're you lot doing with Bork's map?" He yelled.

Oops, busted.

Needless to say, we all were grounded, even though I am in charge of all Bork's things. Actually, Gobber claims he is still in ownership of the map, and since my dad was not there to overrule him, we ended up in trouble.

Great. Now we could not go to Bork's cave and get the treasure. This was bad. Super bad. Catastrophically bad. We were going to have to sneak out. Which was also really bad. But, we did anyways.

"Stupid boy," Mildew said, sneering in the darkness. I held up my torch to see him better. Great, I had just been sent back to bed by Gobber, now what was Mildew going to do? I froze, but then decided better of it. I jumped onto Toothless's back and we took off, leaving Mildew in the dust.

By the time I got to the Academy, everyone was there.

"Sorry guys, I got stopped twice," I said. "We'd better hurry."

We flew to where we thought the cave was, but then discovered we were in the wrong place. Suddenly, out from the shadows came... Alvin?

"Oh, hello," I said, trying to recover from the initial shock. I landed at a safe distance (although with Alvin, there is no 'safe distance') 10 feet away. "I guess you'd never have thought we were here. Oh, wait, Mildew must have tipped you off, am I right?"

"Ah, no Hiccup. I came to beat you to the treasure so I could kill you later." Alvin said. "I guess killing you now will have a nice effect."

Then we took off into the air. Turning around, I couldn't resist yelling back, "Forgot we could fly?"

"Oh, no, I remember. Clearly." Alvin clapped and a Whispering Death popped out of the ground. Oh, crap.

"Whoa, you got Toothless's arch enemy as your dragon?" Ruffnut said. Tuffnut bonked her on the head. "Nice job, idiot."

"Oops," Ruffnut said.

"Oh, that's hilarious," Alvin smiled. "When I kill Hiccup, my dragon will kill Toothless."

The Whispering Death somehow looked uglier up close than ever before. His extra spikes bristled, more than Stormfly could ever have in her tail. It's purely white, nearly blind eyes didn't look very nice. In fact, they were more puke-ish than any part of anything I have ever seen. (Except for when Mildew was bit by a Scauldron on the butt.) The teeth on this thing were rotating and multi-layered like a shark's.

"Alvin, your dragon is so ugly!" I yelled. The WD (Whispering Death)

and Alvin both looked at me and then Stormfly shot her spikes at them, but the WD ate them!

"Ack!" Astrid punched Snotlout in the arm to get rid of her anger.

"Ow, what did I do?" Snotlout whined, rubbing his arm.

"Set the spikes on fire," I whispered. Stormfly shot more spikes and Snotlout shot a huge plume of fire from Hookfang. I didn't turn back to see what had happened. We just flew for our lives.

We got back around 3'oclock. I knew because dragon poo was all over the streets (long story) and Gobber was singing opera (another long story).

"Time to die, Gobber. You meathead with a peg leg and your stupid little whelp are going down soon. And I will be responsible." A sneering voice said from behind me. I spun around, my heart beating faster in anger and confusion. It was Mildew, his back turned to me. I stood in front of him and burst out my anger as much as I could without attracting attention.

"Mildew, you are so dumb! Why in the world would you say anything like that, much less believe that you could do that?" I said in a whisper so that no one could overhear us. Astrid landed next to me and put an arm around my neck. She glared at Mildew like, whatever you just did, you crossed the line.

"Come on Hiccup." She said in a low tone. I continued to have a staring contest with Mildew. "Come. On!" Astrid tugged on me so hard I fell back into a pile of dragon poo very hard. My back burst into pain. Crap that hurts.

"Ouch," I said and moved onto one side. Mildew glared at us and stalked off. Oh, that hurts. A lot. Astrid looked down at me in horror, as if she had just killed something. I looked up at her and...

Switch over to Astrid

Hiccup made the saddest face ever and I wanted to die. His eyes were full of pain, anger, hurt, love, and most of all I saw longing. He wanted to be normal. He wanted to be like one of us, not worrying because he was the son of the chief and was expected so much of, not worrying how strong he had to be, not wondering how to get a girlfriend. I put my hands up to my face in horror. My eyes welled up with tears.

"Iâ€œ"

End Astrid

"â€œ'm sorry! Oh, Thor, I did this, I..." Astrid broke off and started running.

"No, Astrid, it's not your fault!" I called after her. Fishlegs helped me up. My back cracked. "Oh, that feels better. Oh, ouch. ASTRID!"

Dragon poo is really easy to clean, but I had to wear another pair of clothes while the other ones were drying. I finally managed to find a pair of clothes that I wear when it gets warmer, and believe me, it never gets warmer here. I shivered as I ran to find Astrid. It started snowing.

"Astrid?" I yelled throughout the whole village. Some Vikings gave directions, others tried to clean all the dragon poo before it froze onto the ground, and others just ran inside before the storm hit. Dark clouds rumbled overhead. I think that at some point I saw forked lightning hit the ground. That is not going to be good, I thought. Sure enough, about three seconds later, hundreds of Vikings came screaming down the hills. That's when the chaos began.

"Get the bucket brigade!" Spitelout yelled.

"Get down!"

"Astrid!"

"Lightning is everywhere!"

"Astrid!"

"Gather the weapons!"

"Get the children out of the houses!"

"ASTRID!"

I ran to the end of the street and jumped down into the clearing at the beginning of the forest. Crap, I should've brought my jacket, I thought. I plowed on deeper into the forest. "Astrid?"

Someone weakly said, "Hiccup!"

Astrid slammed into me at full force, tackling both of us to the ground. Her arms were wrapped around me so tightly I thought I would die. We sat up, but Astrid continued hugging me.

I was speechless. Astrid looked at me like, what in the world did I just do. Then she socked me in the arm. "Of course." I muttered. "We have to go back, there's a really bad storm coming up right naaaaaaâ€" "

A huge rock tumbled down the cliff and Astrid screamed as some random Viking yelled, "AVALANCHE!"

Wow, my day has just gotten better.

2. Chapter 2: Wolves of the Enemy

I couldn't see anything. It was freezing, and I was getting tumbled around and hit really hard all over by rocks and ice and trees and such.

I started to try and get my bearings. I dug straight "up" and ended up reaching the grass, so I began to tear through the debris the other way.

"Hiccup!?" Astrid yelled.

"Astrid! I'm over here!" My slowly turning blue fingertips just reached over the hole. Astrid looked confused.

"I don't know where you are, just keep talking!"

"Ok, um, Toothless is a big black and funny dragonâ€"

"About something else. Maybe a story or something."

"Ok, this is a really old story my dad used to tell me before bed when I was, like, seven. Umm. Ok, here it goes. It was something like this."

"In the village of the Hairy Hooligans, there was an odd patch of water that glowed, sitting fairly close to shore in their ocean. An old legend said: (forgive the grammar please)

At night, on a starry one,

The dragon of a future chief

Will go to the water and

Shall be transported to

Undersea, where it willâ€"

The rest of the page was torn. The legend was passed from chief to chief until now. It stopped.

"Because my father doesn't want me to see it. He says curses are best left alone. And usually that's the truth." I finished.

"Aww. Umm, are you in here?" Astrid stuck her hand into the hole.

"Yeah." I replied

"Ok, wait a second." Like I was going anywhere.

Astrid came back a few minutes later. My fingers were completely blue and numb, as well as my toes. "I found some rope!"

I climbed up quickly, which was hard. Astrid was breathing heavily and we had a few cuts and gashes. We sat close to keep warm on a tree nearby to stay off the ground, which was freezing through our shoes.

There was an odd noise, like the whisper of the trees, but it sounded heavier, like pounding feet. Then hundreds of what looked like wolves (though we have no wolves on Berk) were racing towards us.

"AAAAHHHH!" Astrid screamed. I helped her up into a tree and tried to climb up next to her. The wolves began to surround the tree and Astrid started screaming. One of the wolves grabbed my prosthetic leg and I got pulled into the pack of wolves. Another one bit around my

calf and began to drag me back to where they came from.

"Aaaahhhhhhh!" Warm blood began to ooze around the wolf's teeth. Pain induced tears began to fill my eyes.

"HICCUP!" Astrid screamed. She tried to get out of the tree, but the wolves were too fast and I was gone out of view.

Astrid ran as fast as she could, trying to keep Hiccup's struggling form out of her mind. She felt lost and angry. Little did she know she had fallen in love within the span of an hour. She skidded on a patch of ice and slammed straight into Tuffnut. Both of them fell to the ground. Astrid recovered quickly and helped Tuff up.

"Whoa, be careful Astrid. You could get really hurt doing that." Tuffnut said seriously. Like he would know, He was always getting hurt.

"Sorry!" she yelled after him. Tuffnut nodded and quickly went back inside his house. The sleet was coming down hard, and lightning strikes to the helmet were usually fatal.

Astrid slammed the door to the Haddock's house open and stood there panting and her hair all full of snow. Gobber looked up from his woodworking project. "Oh, hi Astrid, he's not home."

Astrid struggled for breath then swallowed hard. She took in shallow breaths. "I... came to tell... you that Hiccup..." Astrid paused and was shaking in terror. "He... got taken... by wolves."

"Wolves!?" Gobber jumped out of his chair. "Oh Odin, so many bad things are connected with wolves. Must be... oh no."

Astrid was nearly bursting into tears. "What?"

"Berserks. Dagur must have sent them." Gobber sighed.

"TOOOOOOooooooooooooothlesssss!" Toothless could've sworn he heard Hiccup screaming his name. He turned to look at Snotlout, who shrugged, and they went back to looking at fish swimming up and down the stream. Toothless caught a huge one and gobbled it up before he decided to go look for Hiccup.

I tried to pull myself out of the grip of the wolf, but he just dug his teeth deeper. I nearly was passing out from the pain. It didn't help that from this angle, I could see my leg and I was facing the trail of blood I was leaving. My finger's blueness had moved up into my hands, and I figured that I was pretty much dead. Great.

3. NOT A CHAPTER

**Just wanted to let ya all know that I have too much school work to update as much as I would like to. Thanks for all your support and remember... THIS IS NOT A CHAPTER. Please be patient :D
Thanks!**

**Anyways, I was wondering if someone could tell me a good name for

an OC Character, I need one and I can't think of a good name.**

Ok sorry for exciting you and then ruining it.

Hugs to all!

~fallendragon217

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4. Chapter 3: Coming Home

A/N: sorry this chapter took a while to upload and it is really short! You all are amazing for your constant support!

Dagur gently lifted Hiccup up off the ground, then took him back to the ship in a hurry.

"Hurry up and row!" He complained. The wolves were getting hungry and Hiccup was kidding too much blood. The men began to quicken their pace. The rowboat made it up to the large boat,

Dagur grabbed his crossbow, aiming at us. The end of my chain had broken when they crashed through the window, and I jumped, knocking Astrid and I to the floor.

We quickly jumped up on Stormfly and flew away before Dagur could shoot us again.

"Are you-"

"I'm fine." Astrid hugged me closely. It began to snow again.

When we got back to Berk, everything had settled down.

"Gobber!"

"Hiccup!" He ran and pulled me into a hug that crushed me, but I didn't care.

"Where have you been?" He demanded.

"Uh, nowhere in particular."

The response to that was a loud snort. He walked away. I turned to Astrid.

"We have to go soon."

"I know, but we are so busted!"

"Yeah."

Snotlout slid off Hookfang's scaly back and the dragon burst into flames, flying off with Stormfly.

Toothless nudged my hand. "Hey bud!"

"So what are we doing now?" Snotlout asked. I turned to him gravely.

"We are going to ditch Berk."

"You're kidding."

"No. We have to find Bork's cave. I don't even care if it's just us."

"Let's go now."

"I can't. Gobber would kill me."

"Tonight?" Astrid asked.

"Duh." Snotlout muttered.

"Yes." I said, and we parted ways as if nothing ever happened.

End
file.